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To the Pacific & Mexico

by

A.K.McClure

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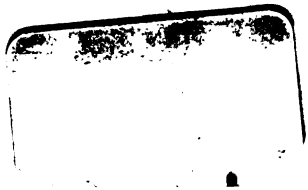

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TO THE PACIFIC & MEXICO

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To the Pacific & Mexico

BY

A. K. McCLURE, LL.D.

ILLUSTRATED

Philadelphia & London
J. B. Lippincott Company
1901

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PREFACE

THESE letters are given to the public without any special claim to literary merit, as they were written for the Philadelphia *Times* amidst the exactions of a journey across the continent to the Pacific and thence to the City of Mexico, with but little time for careful preparation.

A party, consisting of Hon. William H. Armstrong of Philadelphia, Charles I. DuPont of Delaware, H. L. Holden, Jr., of Easton, Maryland, Mrs. Hannah E. Porter and Miss Annette A. Porter of Wilmington, and Miss Katharine H. Spencer and Miss Clifford Newbold of Philadelphia, made the journey with the author across the continent to San Francisco, thence by El Paso to the City of Mexico, thence home by Eagle Pass, San Antonio, and New Orleans.

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PREFACE

The interesting scenery of our Western mountains and on the Pacific, and the vastly more interesting historical lessons in Mexico, inspired the author to present in these letters the convictions which the impressive studies make for the observant traveller. They are given without revision, thus presenting to the public the varied impressions made at different stages of a hasty journey of nearly ten thousand miles.

A. K. M.

PHILADELPHIA, April, 1901.

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TO THE PACIFIC & MEXICO

THE MORMONS REVISITED

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, January 22, 1901.

EVERY intelligent and public-spirited citizen of the United States should traverse his country at least once in every decade, or he must fall behind complete knowledge and just appreciation of the grandeur and growth of the republic. I first saw the far West thirty-four years ago, when Denver was little more than a rude mining-camp with hardly a comfortable home-building within it. Now it is a great city with many squares of elegant and substantial buildings. It was then a straggling village

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of hastily constructed shanties, and no one dreamed that when half a generation had passed it would be the centre of numerous railroads, with colleges and churches, the pride of an intelligent, prosperous, and most progressive people.

I remember Governor Evans and Dr. Cass driving me around the suburbs of the shanties which they called the city, and pointing out to me a very desirable quarter-section of land that I should take up at government prices. I declined the venture, as I was not in a speculative mood, and the new country seemed to promise little more than gratification to those who loved adventure; but when I was in the same city twenty years later, Dr. Cass drove me through the streets of the same quarter-section, pointed out the beautiful Capitol building erected upon it, and took special pride in informing me that the entire

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quarter-section was then worth five thousand dollars or more per acre.

I well remember that the one thing that seemed to concern the people of Colorado and Utah a generation ago was the fact that there was not a known coal-mine between Missouri and the Pacific Ocean. The Union Pacific Railroad had then extended only about two hundred miles west from Missouri to the North Platte, and its coming to the Rocky Mountain region was looked for with intense interest, but there was not a pound of coal on its entire line to make steam for its locomotives. Now Colorado alone could supply the whole of the United States with coal and have plenty to spare,—not only bituminous or soft coal, but anthracite coal, although the anthracite coal is not equal in quality to that of Pennsylvania. Colorado people say it is not as ripe, but it is genuine

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anthracite, and it is shipped eastward hundreds of miles to take the place of the Schuylkill and Lehigh coal that has always been used in small quantities for particular purposes. There was pointed out to me, by a very intelligent business man, as we were passing through Colorado, a single spur of one of the many broken ridges of the Rockies that alone has in it billions of tons of coal, and which is quite accessible.

It was then thought next to impossible to make a transcontinental railroad ever pay, and the very liberal subsidy given by the government to the Union Pacific and to the Central Pacific was generally considered by all as a gift, as it never could be repaid. To-day there are five different railroads traversing the Rocky Mountains from the eastern base to the Pacific. They are the Northern Pacific, Great Northern, Union Pacific, Sante Fé line, and Southern

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Pacific, and all are to-day on a reasonably sound basis, after the government has been practically repaid its investment in these great enterprises.

Upon Denver, transformed in a single score of years from a rude mining-camp into a great city with every quality of substance, I looked yesterday for the first time in twelve years, and I found it outstripping all Eastern cities, and to be one of the most beautiful and heartsome cities of the continent. It has a great State around it, and its wealth is not only steadily increasing, but the momentum of advancement increases with every year. It was only a few years ago that its people believed that its wealth was in silver, and that the production of gold was a mere secondary interest. Like all people who have been pioneers in building up great States, they believed only in Colorado, and

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thought or cared for little else. They voted next to unanimously for free silver against an overwhelming Republican conviction four years ago, but in the mean time the product of gold has outstripped that of silver, and the many other great interests of the State have overshadowed the silver issue, making the State fairly debatable in the last contest and leaving the silver battle only a memory.

Not only do two trunk-lines cross the Rockies and traverse the State, but the little narrow-gauge railroad climbs the steep cliffs around the sharp curves of the confused mountain spurs into every centre of industry, and to-day no one can fairly measure the future wealth of Colorado. Since I last visited the State, only a dozen years ago, oil has been discovered and there has been built up an immense industry around Florence, from which you

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can see a forest of oil-derricks and every sign of commerce in oil. In the rich little valleys which lie between the mountain spurs prosperous communities are growing up. The only sign of the old Mexican that is to be seen in the State is in Pueblo, where the slums are peopled by those who have come down from Spanish and Mexican rule and who learn nothing and forget nothing. They live in extreme poverty in little adobe huts, and are clustered together chiefly on one of the suburban hills lying about the city.

The imperial progress of America that I saw so beautifully and impressively referred to by the leading journal of Austria only a few days ago, has stamped its impress so clearly upon the Western part of our continent that it becomes bewildering to attempt to measure the future achievements of our people.

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I doubt whether there is anywhere in any other country of the world a journey so grandly beautiful as that of crossing the Rocky Mountains by the Grand Cañon on the Santa Fé Railroad. From Pueblo until the summit of the mountain is reached the railroad follows the Arkansas River, which has hewn its way through the confusion of rocky cliffs to reach an outlet to the Eastern sea, and in the Grand Cañon it has worked out its channel, in some places leaving almost perpendicular cliffs hundreds of feet in height on every side, and in one place an almost perpendicular wall towering eighteen hundred feet above the angry stream that rushes through the cañon. From Cañon City to Salida, which is a two hours' journey, the scenery is the most wild and weird that I ever have witnessed. For miles at a time, although early in the after-

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noon, the only perceptible knowledge of the shining of the sun was given as here and there you could see from the bottom of the cañon the sunlight kissing the tops of the distant cliffs. The grade is very heavy, making the ascent slow, and hard by the road-bed the dashing and whirling waters of the little river descend without a placid pool from its fountain, on the summit of the range, until it strikes the plain west of Pueblo. We reach the altitude of ten thousand two hundred and forty feet, but, strange as it may seem, there are enclosed and cultivated ranches almost to the very summit of the mountain, while below the cañon, at an elevation of from six thousand to seven thousand feet, most luxuriant orchards are to be seen on every side, and although in midwinter, cattle and horses were grazing from the base to the summit of the rocky range. What must

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be the future growth and wealth of such a country?

This morning found us again in the land of the Saints, the beautiful valley of Utah. When I first saw it, thirty-four years ago, the Mormon Church and its power were absolutely supreme within its entire borders. It was governed by Brigham Young, with whom I had frequent intercourse and was much entertained as well as instructed by his frank presentation of the industrial organization of the Mormon hierarchy. The Mormons settled here because they had been driven from Pennsylvania to Ohio, and from Ohio to Illinois, where their temple was destroyed by a mob and Prophet Smith murdered. They then crossed the trackless plains west of the Missouri, and traversed the five hundred miles of roadless mountains, bringing with them their stock, their im-

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plements, and all things necessary to found a new community, as they believed, entirely beyond the reach of the civilization that had antagonized them. They settled in Utah after having thoroughly prospected the mountain regions, not only because it was regarded as one of the most fruitful valleys of the continent, but because it was under the government of Mexico that was certain never to disturb them; but only two years after they had first reared their homes here the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo brought them back within the hated jurisdiction of the United States. They were, however, more than a thousand miles beyond the outer verge of civilization, with impassable mountains and hostile savages to retard advancement of empire towards the setting sun. Between them and the Missouri were only unpeopled plains, once described in our old geogra-

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phies as the "Great American Desert," and mountains extending over hundreds of miles regarded as impassable except to the hardiest of adventurers. West of them were the even more forbidding cliffs of the Sierra Nevadas, peopled to the Pacific slope by semi-barbarians. It was not unreasonable for Brigham Young, one of the shrewdest and ablest administrators of his time, and thorough master of the people who were under his rule because he thoroughly understood them, to assume that the Mormon people were entirely safe for generations against the surges of the civilization they so much dreaded. They saw their beautiful and bountiful valley walled in by great mountain cliffs, with their eternal caps of snow, and with nothing, as they believed, to invite the incursions of their foes.

I studied the Mormon problem in this

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city in 1867 for some weeks, and had very free and hospitable intercourse with the leaders of the Mormon faith. Aside from the religious teachings of the church, it was certainly the most complete and beneficent industrial organization that has ever been made in this or any other country. Brigham Young was hard to answer when he challenged me to traverse his entire community, extending for one hundred miles north and south, and find a single man begging bread or a woman in open shame. The church not only provided for the spiritual needs of the people according to its own faith and maintained polygamy as a religious duty, but it made the most complete provision for all of their temporal wants. If bad seasons destroyed the crops, the storehouse of the church fed those who were breadless; if sickness came, the bishop ministered to them; and when death came,

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the last offices were performed for all by the church, and the widowed and fatherless cared for. It was even then a completely independent community. It produced everything its people consumed, and the products of the entire Territory were regulated by orders from the church. When there was an excess of products, there being no outside market, the church became the purchaser, thus assuring a certain reward to the husbandman. Education and music were held to be religious duties in every home. Dances were held weekly in every settlement under the care of the bishop, and a large theatre had been erected in the city and gave all the attractive plays which traversed the continent. They even made their own money, issuing their bank-notes in utter contempt of the national banking law, and in conviction they were generally hostile to the government.

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Finally the sound of the iron horse was heard in the cañons and around the cliffs of the Rockies, and that brought civilization suddenly in conflict with Mormonism. The first railway train that entered Salt Lake City from the East dated the decline and fall of Mormon supremacy and Mormon religion so far as it was in conflict with the laws of the nation, and any other man than Brigham Young would have been overwhelmed at the threshold of the struggle. It was his cunning and masterful diplomacy that saved the power of the Mormon Church from early destruction, but he finally gave up the unequal battle and found repose in death. The dying throes of polygamy and Mormon power in Utah need not now be detailed, they are familiar to all; but no one can look over this beautiful and fruitful valley without feeling that the Mormons, the earliest of all the pioneers in

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the mountain valleys, laid the foundation for a State that must one day be accepted as among the most attractive and prosperous of any of the States of the Union.

The Mormons are still a large majority of the people in Utah and the possessors of most of its wealth, but they have become so intermingled with the civilization of the East in commerce, industry, finance, and trade that you see no sign of distinctive Mormonism in the community. Their beautiful and unique Temple, that required forty years to build, and the immense turtle-roofed Tabernacle with the Assembly Hall are in one block and are maintained in all their beauty. The Mormon altar has its crowds of worshippers in the public services accessible to all, but the Temple is inexorably closed against the tread of the Gentile. When I was here twelve years ago it had not yet been completed or dedi-

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THE MORMON TABERNACLE

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cated, and I was permitted to enter some of the unimportant rooms in it, but to-day all the influence that any person could command would not secure the admission of an unbeliever within its sacred portals.

I had a very delightful illustration of the vitality and advancement of the Mormons this afternoon. When our party arrived here we were met with an invitation to visit the Tabernacle, where a special organ recital would be given for us. It was gladly accepted, of course, for I was anxious to see the progress the church had made in one of the most refining agents of humanity. Regular recitals are given for an hour every Wednesday and Saturday, and the public cordially invited to attend, but the special recital of this afternoon was not made known to the public, and when our party entered the immense Tabernacle we were given seats in the gallery at the

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end of the vast amphitheatre farthest from the organ. It was rather a grotesque spectacle for a party of half a score to be in the great auditorium that seats ten thousand people, and listen to an organ recital during the entire hour, when there were not a dozen others who dropped in. We were treated to the most exquisite organ music I have ever heard. It has been the pride of the Mormon Church to furnish the best music to the people. When I was here a generation ago, the small Tabernacle was in use; it seated three thousand people, and its organ had been built entirely by the Mormons, but they were then engaged in building the new Tabernacle and organ, and after ten years of labor both were completed. The organ was then the largest ever made, and is now exceeded in size by but very few; but they are just about to engage in the work of increasing

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its size and capacity, and when that shall have been completed, they will justly claim that they have the largest organ in the world, built entirely by their Mormon artisans, and wholly made from home materials.

The organist is certainly one of the most accomplished in his line in any country. I have many times enjoyed music of church organs, but I have never heard that of the Tabernacle approached in any of the important attributes of exquisite music. One feature of this organ that has been brought to perfection is the use of the human-voice pipes, and it is almost impossible to distinguish such a recital from the music of a first-class church organ with an elegant choir. After the recital I had the pleasure of meeting the organist, Professor McClellan, who exhibited all the different qualities of his great organ to the party,

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and I was specially gratified to meet Mr. Ridges, who personally constructed both of the Mormon organs. He told me that this great organ had been built entirely by carpenters under his immediate direction, not one of whom had ever worked upon musical instruments before. This superb music is given without charge in semi-weekly recitals for the benefit of all who shall come to enjoy it, and the regular Mormon worship in the Tabernacle is also free to all visitors, where the organ may be heard accompanied by a choir of five hundred cultivated singers. It would be impossible that such cultivation of one of the most refining of human enjoyments should not make its impress in general refinement upon the Mormon people.

Outside of the old square that holds the Temple, Tabernacle, and Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City to-day is simply a

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thriving, progressive, and prosperous city, with private homes which would adorn Chestnut Street, and banking edifices which would be creditable in Philadelphia financial circles. Great industries have grown up, not only in and around the city, but throughout the State, and there is hardly a necessity of the people of Utah that is not supplied within her own border. Such is the matchless progress of a single generation in our Rocky Mountain region, and what were then regarded as inhospitable wildernesses, have now been grandly rounded out by the patient labors and sacrifices of the American pioneer, until we have an unbroken galaxy of sovereign States from the Eastern to the Western sea.

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ACROSS THE SIERRAS TO SAN FRANCISCO

San Francisco, January 26, 1901.

Any person who desires to get a lesson of the wonderful progress and boundless resources of this great country should take a journey across the continent. Such a tour should not be made hastily; but even if the tourist has not time to tarry at every point of interest, it is well worth the making. There is no more interesting trip, taking in the views only from the car-windows, than that across the Rocky Mountains and the Sierras to the Golden Gate, which is the entrance to the finest and largest harbor on the Pacific coast.

There is but little change in the mountain scenery after leaving Salt Lake until you enter into the Sierras, which are not

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reached for some hundreds of miles west of Ogden. On that part of the journey you traverse what is commonly known as the desert west of Salt Lake, and it does seem to be the most inhospitable region that you could find in any country. But even that part of our vast and confused ranges of mountains is not wholly unproductive. The grass, although apparently entirely parched and without the semblance of nutrition, will maintain herds of cattle anywhere within reach of water, and what seems to give no promise of life whatever, is utilized along the few streams where stock can quench their thirst. Here and there, but many miles apart, there are slight evidences in a rude way of business enterprise, but it is obvious that this whole region of mountains can never be made generally productive. Wherever there is soil in any of our Western mountains that

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can be reached by irrigation, it always well repays the husbandman; but until some vast system of impounding the waters of the mountains shall have been adopted, there must be millions of acres where seed-time and harvest will be unknown. There is no part of the mountain region where alkali whitens a soil of any depth that the most bountiful harvest cannot be grown if the land can be irrigated.

In traversing more than a thousand miles of wildly confused mountain cliffs, most of them utterly barren, relieved only by the eternal caps of snow which whiten the highest of them, there must be much of sameness in the general views presented, but to the intelligent tourist there are new features to be seen in almost every section of this mountain region. It is most interesting to watch the many beautiful and fantastic illusions which crowd upon the observant

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tourist. In traversing the mountains between Salt Lake and the Sierras, when the sun was just setting and beaming its effulgence only on the highest cliffs behind us, I watched for some time what I supposed to be a pretty lake of fresh water. But after waiting a long time for the train to get up to it and pass it, I discovered that it was no nearer to us than it appeared to be when five miles farther from it. I at once began an investigation, and found that there was not a lake or any stream of water within one hundred miles of us, and that what I supposed to be a lake of pure water was simply the God of Day in the evening twilight, throwing his mellowed lustre back upon the snow-capped cliff of the mountains.

The most notable observation of the Eastern tourist in this part of the mountains is the entire absence of anything that

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is green except here and there the stunted and scraggy bushes; but when the Sierras are reached an entirely different growth prevails, and though the altitude is much higher than that reached in the mountains between the Sierras and Salt Lake, the evergreen pines, wearing the richest verdure, are all in most shapely beauty, large and small. In the Rocky Mountains there is no growth of timber excepting on the northern side of the cliffs, where there is soil enough for the trees and the snow escapes melting long enough to give moisture during the summer season. In all southern exposures the bronzed cheeks of the mountains are whiskered only with pines which never reach the dignity of trees, and each one seems to have chosen a home of solitude apart from its fellows.

The Sierra Nevadas were a most interesting study to me, much as I have been

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among the Rocky Mountains eastward. You enter them a little east of Truckee, where we breakfasted at a temperature of eight degrees below zero, and thence on to Colfax on the western slope there is most magnificent mountain scenery, relieved on every hand by the deep-green verdure of the pines, which grow in exquisite symmetry. The climatic conditions are certainly materially different in the Sierras and the Rocky Mountains. The strange optical illusions which confuse the Eastern traveller in the Rockies are not continued in the Sierras. I judge that the explanation is that there is some degree of humidity in the atmosphere of the mountains which wall the Pacific slope. As a monument to American engineering the Central Pacific Railroad, now known as the "Southern Pacific," far surpasses the Union Pacific Railroad from Ogden to Cheyenne, and

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certainly equals the engineering achievements of the Sante Fé Railroad, which traverses the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas River between Pueblo and the summit of the Rocky range. Away up, thousands of feet above the Horseshoe Bend of the Pennsylvania Railroad, that famous work has its copy in a like Horseshoe Bend in the Sierras, which presents vastly greater engineering achievements than are exhibited in our Alleghanies, and in the whole journey from the summit of the Sierras down to the green fields which skirt the foot-hills of the mountains in California there is a continuously changing magnificence in the views which are presented on every side.

It was a great relief to get away from the countless and confused mountain cliffs of the East, on which not a single blade of grass could be seen, and enjoy the heartsome verdure that was always visible in

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every direction in the great Sierras. We breakfasted, as I have said, at a temperature of eight degrees below zero, and lunched five hours later in the midst of the most beautiful green fields and blossoming flowers, such as you could find anywhere around Philadelphia in May-time. The foot-hills of the mountains in California are studded with orchards, evidently planted and managed with the greatest care, and the winter wheat-fields, which extend on every side as far as the eye can see, tell the story of advanced spring-time that is hastening to the threshold of harvest. One of the first great fruit regions that we meet after leaving the mountains is largely owned and entirely controlled by the Armour interests in Chicago. In the East we know of the great Armour only as the "Cattle King," but here his hand is laid as broadly and his grip as firmly on the

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fruit-trade of California. The picture of these undulating foot-hills is green with the promise of future plenty, showing the prosperity of the fruit farmers in one of the most beautiful home pictures I have ever seen; and looking westward over the vast, level wheat-belt that extends from the foot of the mountains to the Pacific the whole country seems to be one broad expanse of promising and boundless harvest.

The men who constructed this great artery of trade across the Sierra Nevadas have all passed away, and California has done them little justice. The names of Huntington, Stanford, Crocker, and Hopkins will be immortalized when the history of Western progress comes to tell the story of the greatest achievements of Western men. These four men, possessing but a moderate capital, had the courage to undertake the construction of the Central

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Pacific Railroad from San Francisco to the Salt Lake Valley. They were regarded by most of their friends as wild enthusiasts in an enterprise that could bring them only bankruptcy and disaster. It should be remembered that the construction of the Union Pacific from the Missouri River to Salt Lake was not so difficult an undertaking, as all the supplies, including iron and machinery, could be brought to them direct from the Eastern centres of trade; but the men who built the iron highway of the Sierra Nevadas had to ship every pound of iron and every piece of machinery from the East around Cape Horn to California. After struggling with threatened bankruptcy for several years they finally achieved the grand success of completing their enterprise, and it brought them large fortunes, as they well deserved; but they were human, as are most men who

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happen to seize great opportunities, and soon after the completion of the railway came war between a large portion of the people and the railroad magnates that has continued even until this day, although the great creators of the railway have passed to their final account. They sought to make the road as profitable as possible, as they were without competition, and doubtless made harsh exactions upon its travel and traffic, but these men, discounted by all their infirmities and all the real or imaginary wrongs which have provoked revolutionary action at times among the people, should be remembered gratefully as the only men of that day who had the courage, the energy, and the indomitable will to begin and complete the construction of the railway over the Sierras. Had they done as much for England, they would have died peers of the realm.

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I had a most entertaining and instructive visit to this city, and I know of no place on the continent that the intelligent and progressive citizens of Philadelphia could visit with more profit. Here is a city that only fifty years ago was a rude mining-camp, surrounded by a straggling and semi-barbarous civilization, and to-day it exhibits more broad-gauged citizenship, more municipal pride, more generous support from all classes of citizens than any other city in the Union. With a population of one million less than Philadelphia, it has countless monuments of cultivated, patriotic, sentimental, and poetic illustration.

Its park is a dream of beauty, and yet wholly created from the naked sand-hills of the coast. The sand valleys and gentle undulations, once entirely guiltless of verdure, have been reclaimed, and from end to

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end it is green with trees, shrubs, and vines, beautiful and fragrant with flowers; and there is no class of good citizenship in the city, high or low, that has not its special attractions. Here every Sunday tens of thousands of people ride and walk through the park: the children with their parents to the beautiful playgrounds, the athletes to the magnificent fields for base- and foot-ball, and lovers of music are attracted by a colossal pillared music-stand erected by Claus Spreckels that would have been worthy of Rome in the zenith of the empire. There the patriotic can study one of the most beautiful of the many statues which adorn the city, representing in heroic size the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," and one of the prominent features is an immense cross erected on one of the little hills of the park by the late George W. Childs to com-

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THE GOLDEN GATE, SAN FRANCISCO

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memorate the first Episcopal services on the coast.

At the end of the park is the Cliff House, whose porches overhang the surging waves and sad music of the Pacific, and only a few feet from the shore are huge rocks covered with croaking seals. Roads for carriages and bicycles are as superb as the most cultivated engineering and liberal expenditure can make them, and this part tells to every stranger who enters it the story of the energy and restless progress of the people of the Golden Gate city. They are liberal and progressive in everything that can create new landmarks of beneficent achievement, and their hospitality is justly claimed as one of the brightest jewels of their advancement.

The mayor of San Francisco is taken from its circle of solid business men. It has not always been so, but the spot where

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Dennis Kearney harangued his hoodlums on the sand lots only a score of years ago is now under the shadow of the magnificent city hall, with its tower reaching thirty feet above the dome of the Washington Capitol. Mayor Phelan has been thrice elected to his high office, and he has made a most noble record for his yet infant city.

Here, as elsewhere, there is bitter political strife, and men are arrayed against each other on local lines, largely growing out of railroad issues which have not yet perished; but the interest and advancement of San Francisco seem to be thoroughly grounded in the convictions of the community as paramount. I leave this beautiful and progressive city with the highest appreciation of its intelligent and patriotic progress, and must ever cherish most grateful memories of its welcome to the stranger within its gates.

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FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO MEXICO

City of Mexico, February 1, 1901.

With the exception of the green cliffs of the Sierras, the beautiful plains of California west of the mountains, and the fruitful valley in which the Mexican capital is located, there is a tiresome degree of sameness in the scenery from Salt Lake around by San Francisco and down by El Paso to this city. You are never out of sight of the range of mountains, and with the exception of the Sierra Nevadas, all present the same bleak and inhospitable cliffs, standing as eternal sentinels on continuous plains, usually guiltless of the semblance of verdure, although many of them have immense flocks of cattle, horses, and sheep upon them.

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The country from San Francisco to El Paso, where the tourist diverges into Mexico by crossing the Rio Grande, has very much of sameness after you get beyond Los Angeles. Southern California is certainly one of the most heartsome and apparently wholesome countries I have ever seen, and I found at Los Angeles—the only place where I made an extended stay—a number of Eastern people who were spending their winters there to escape the cold blasts of the North. It is located in a beautiful section, with many evidences of fruitfulness around it, and its advancement may be understood when it is told that it more than doubled its population during the last decade. Ten years ago the population was about fifty thousand; to-day it is over one hundred thousand, and has every sign of solid and enduring improvement. While spending a day there, we were favored with

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what they call a "tramp-rain," which gave a delightful shower of several hours, when the clouds rolled by and the sun came out, with a brightened and refreshed verdure all about us. It has perhaps about as equable a climate as there is on the continent, and while there are many other attractive places in Southern California, some of which may have advantages over Los Angeles for a temporary sojourn, it may now be accepted as settled that Los Angeles ("The Angels") seems certain to be the centre of attraction to those who wish to see the varied beauties and enjoy the agreeable climate of Southern California.

In taking a drive through the city the coachman pointed out a bright little cottage nestling behind orange-trees heavily laden with fruit, and informed me that it was the residence of the widow of General John C. Frémont. I took the liberty of calling upon

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her, and was welcomed at the threshold by her daughter, who very kindly invited me into the parlor, where I found a decrepit old lady, unable to rise from her chair, but engaged at literary work. I apologized for my intrusion by saying that I had been a delegate to the convention which nominated General Frémont for President in 1856, and that I simply desired to have the pleasure of a personal visit to the wife of one whose life was so sublimely interwoven with the romance of American history. She gave me more than a cordial welcome, and her pale, emaciated face brightened at the tribute paid to the memory of the husband to whom she was so ardently devoted. I made the visit brief, as extended conversation would have wearied her, and she gave me a very fervent clasp of the hand as I bade her farewell.

Her family consists of herself and a

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maiden daughter, whose head is well silvered by age. Mrs. Frémont's means are quite limited, but a society of ladies of the city are taking care that she shall never want for any of the comforts of life. She is writing the biography of her husband, which will doubtless, when published, be welcomed by the many who, in the bright times of the Republican party of to-day, turn back to its first great struggles in 1856, when the "Pathfinder of the Rockies" was in fact the pathfinder of Republicanism.

The route from Southern California to El Paso crosses the entire Territory of Arizona and a large portion of New Mexico, a distance of about five hundred miles, and it is the most inhospitable region I have ever found in traversing almost every part of the Rockies, the Sierras of California and the Sierra Madres, in both

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the United States and Mexico. Fortunately it was midwinter, and we suffered comparatively little from the impalpable dust highly charged with alkali that penetrates not only the eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, but I found it even inside of my tightly fitting watch-case. There is hardly a sign of American civilization to be found in that entire journey. Here and there are rude villages of a few adobe dwellings, with occasionally one little frame building that gives some outward signs of the comforts of home, but as far as can be seen over the sage-brush plains to the confusion of mountains which wall them in there is rarely a green patch in sight. A vast amount of stock is grown upon them, but the absence of water brings an element of danger even to the stock-grower, as in times of drought they become extremely dry and whole droves are sometimes lost, while

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others may be saved by early driving to more favored regions. Where water can be had for irrigation, the soil responds very bountifully, and alfalfa can be grown to protect herds from drought, but there are so few places where water is obtainable that the country is not likely ever to be much more promising than it is to-day. Both New Mexico and Arizona have bountiful valleys where there is an abundance of water, but the line of the railway is necessarily located on the least fruitful portions of both these Territories.

El Paso is on the northern bank of the Rio Grande and the extreme southern line of Texas. There is little about it to build up a city, beyond the seven or more railroads which centre there, but the large traffic and travel between the United States and Mexico have made it a prosperous city, and it is likely to continue in its growth.

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Whenever the Rio Grande is crossed you are met by the Mexican customs officer, dressed in a style that at once distinguishes him from the common herd of Indians and half-breeds seen about the stations on the way. The height of crown and elegance of gold embroidery of his sombrero and his flowing cloak and gilded uniform would do justice to an Oriental monarch, and his manner is that of a modern Cæsar. It required an hour and a half for the Mexican customs officers to inspect the baggage and persons of the passengers, and in most instances it was done exhaustively, as smuggling in a small way is very common. I consulted the conductor, who was an American, as to how best to get along with the Mexican officials, and he said it depended altogether upon the particular officer who happened to come into the car. He added that he would find an officer and

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bring him in. In a little while he appeared with an officer, who walked through the car, looked at the trunks without touching them or even asking that they be opened, and after an apparently careful inspection of the occupants, he made a very polite bow and said that all was well.

When he passed from the car I asked the conductor whether he expected to be tipped. He said he thought it well to suggest it. I asked him what he thought the officer would expect. He said a dollar, Mexican money. An American half-dollar was taken by the conductor, but the officer came back and bowed again and stated that he knew there were no smugglers in private cars, and very politely declined the tip.

Rare as are the evidences of progressive civilization in New Mexico and Arizona along the line of the Southern Pacific

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Railroad, the traveller notices at once when he gets into Mexico that an entirely different civilization is presented. At all the stations there were crowds of idlers; men, women, and children, all illy clad and without any semblance of business enterprise. What first impressed me most was the large number of full-blooded Indians. In a crowd of fifty it is very rare to see as many as half a dozen half-breeds, and they were little, if any, improvement on the aborigines.

I had supposed that the Mexican blood was more largely dominant among the Mexican people, but in a journey of over twelve hundred miles from El Paso to this city I found no change. Here and there a trace of the Spaniard could be found, but, as a rule, pure-blooded Indians prevailed everywhere, and most of them seemed to have learned very little since Cortez came

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to teach them the new civilization of Spain. The only thing that is visible on every hand as a monument of the Cortez invasion and conquest is the cross. I have never been out of sight of the cross from the Rio Grande to this city. It is found not only on graves, churches, and many other buildings, but uniformly on the mile-posts of the railroad. The cross is a protection to the mile-post, as the religious superstition of the natives prevents them from stealing it, and it possibly increases the safety of the line from spoliation in other ways.

The country through Mexico on the line of the railroad is generally quite an improvement over the country traversed by the railroad in Arizona and New Mexico, but it is only here and there that there are any marked evidences of civilization. The average home of the Mexican is a little adobe hut of a single low story, and many

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of them not large enough to make a comfortable-sized bath-room in a Philadelphia house. There is sometimes an opening in the wall which serves the purpose of a window, but always guiltless of glass, and this is the home of four-fifths of the Mexican people. Throughout Mexico there are many delightful exceptions to the general squalor that prevails. Some of the ranches have on them elegant homes with superb furnishings, and most of them are owned by pure Spaniards; but outside of that class and a few families of fortune in the towns and cities the poverty of Mexico is appalling. Theft is so common that a porter in charge of a private car is compelled to watch it night and day, or the locks of his meat refrigerator would be broken and the brass finishings of the car wrenched from it, to be sold for whatever they would bring.

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The large preponderance of the Indian race in this country is not so surprising when it is remembered that some of the most heroic achievements of Mexican history have made the names of pure-blooded Indians immortal. Juarez, who was driven from his capital by Maximilian, and who in turn executed the invader, was a full-blooded Indian, and President Diaz, who has done more for Mexico than any man who ever lived in it, is of half Indian blood. The Spanish are still here, but they are a select class, as a rule. When the Spaniard has lost fortune, his individuality and even his race become lost by intermingling with the Indians, but there are yet a considerable number who cherish the old Castilian pride, and have maintained more or less of fortune.

The Valley of Mexico, in which the capital is located, is almost a copy of Salt

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Lake Valley. They are the two most fruitful and beautiful of any of the mountain valleys on the continent, and each is surrounded by cliffs and mountains with their eternal caps of snow. The chief difference between this valley and that of Salt Lake is the cultivation of the maguey plant, which you see spread over hundreds and hundreds of acres, making the whole country bright with the rich, green verdure it presents. It is known in the United States as the aloe plant, but has no value either for commercial or ornamental purposes, while here it is very remunerative to the Mexican husbandman. It is grown for the purpose of furnishing the common drink of the Mexican people, known as pulque. It has to be drawn from the stocks every day. The method of drawing it is to hollow out a gourd and make a hole in each end of it. The maguey

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plant is then scraped out, and as the liquid flows from it the operator, with his mouth on one end of the gourd, at the opening, draws the liquid in at the other end, and when the gourd is filled, empties it into a receptacle and repeats the operation. It is then emptied into pig-skins and brought into the city fresh every morning, where it is enjoyed by the great mass of the Mexican people. It does not keep over a day, and what is not sold by night is thrown away. Another Mexican drink, distilled from sugar-cane, and resembling brandy, is tequila. As an intoxicant, pulque bears about the same relation to tequila as beer bears to whiskey in the States.

My first experience in the City of Mexico was not particularly enjoyable. Everything seemed to be going at a headlong gait, the streets were crowded, and business hustling; but when I went to

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the chief hotel of the city, the Iturbide, there was not a man in the office or about it who could speak English. I finally managed to get it understood that I wanted letters which were directed there, and I was pointed to a peck or more of letters lying on a table, where I found a number for myself and members of my party. I had ordered newspapers sent to me, and after much difficulty I made it understood that I expected some newspapers, but was told that there was none there. I was persistent, as I was anxious to see the papers from home, and finally I was referred to a Mexican in a little office-box who had charge of the keys of the rooms, and after much difficulty got him to understand what I wanted. He shook his head and insisted that none had come.

Knowing the common infirmity of the people here in the matter of lying, I man-

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aged to get an interpreter to make the fellow understand that there were newspapers, and that I must have them. He finally pointed to a dark corner in the rear of his little room, where there was certainly a barrel of newspapers, pamphlets, and débris of all sorts in confusion. He said there might be some there, but he had not time to get them. I inquired when he would have time, to which he answered that he might be able to look during the day. I then insisted upon looking myself, and found a number of Philadelphia papers. I concluded that I did not want to stop as a guest of the hotel, and went to the Hotel Sanz, where I found comfortable quarters and several persons who spoke English very well.

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THE CATHEDRAL, THE BULL-FIGHT, THE GAMBLING-PALACE

City of Mexico, February 4, 1901.

Sunday is the only day in which the Mexican character can be studied with accuracy. It is a day of mingled worship and sport, and generally devoted to enjoyment by all classes and conditions. An intelligent tourist may mingle with the Mexican people in all their varied relations of life for months and not see them as they really are, but a single Sunday in which the Mexican is followed from his morning altar to his afternoon bull-fight and to his evening Mexican Monte Carlo shows that many of the same people are to be met at all these notable centres, where the Mexican is seen in his every-day life and where one

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THE GREAT CATHEDRAL, CITY OF MEXICO

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can readily comprehend his general character.

One of the most notable landmarks of the Mexican conquest nearly four centuries ago is the cathedral. It faces the front of the grand plaza of the city on the north, and is the most pretentious of all the Christian churches in the New World. It is called the Holy Metropolitan Church of Mexico, and was erected on the site of the great Aztec temple, that told in some measure the story of the prehistoric people of this country. It is a fearful reproach to the Spaniards, and especially to the representatives of Christianity who first came into Mexico, that they destroyed every vestige of what they called the pagan altars. So far as it was possible, the early monks effaced every sign of the Toltecs and of their successors, the Aztecs, and with them the history of that civilization, if it may be

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so called, which was preserved with much care by the aborigines.

They not only had their temples, all of which exhibit a degree of intelligence and general enlightenment far exceeding that ever exhibited by the Indians in the United States, but the Spaniards left no monuments that indicated a purpose to preserve early history and achievements. The Toltecs, who ruled this country some fifteen centuries ago, had their temples and their shrines, more or less imposing, in every community. Many of their temples and monoliths were covered with hieroglyphics to give some record of their importance and progress, and they advanced to the extent of additional efforts to preserve their history by paintings on canvas made of the fibre of the maguey plant and on the skins of animals, all of which were doomed to destruction by those who

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planted here the banner of the cross. Fortunately, a few, yet very few, of these works have been preserved, and may be seen in the National Museum in this city. The ruins of their temples remain in many sections, with immense decorated monoliths which show a degree of culture and general intelligence not exhibited in any other section occupied by Indians in the Western World.

Their great temple was in this city, then known as Tenochtitlan, and it was not only destroyed by the Spanish, but as far as possible every relic and vestige of it obliterated. In its place is now reared the great cathedral that was commenced immediately after the occupation by the Spanish. It was nearly eighty years before it was completed to an extent sufficient to justify its dedication, and nearly a century and a quarter elapsed before its towers

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were erected and its bells placed in position. It is four hundred feet in length and one hundred and seventy-seven feet in width, with a height of one hundred and seventy-nine feet from the roof to the tiles, while the towers reach the height of over two hundred feet. The front façade is magnificently carved and rich with friezes and marble statues between the two leading towers, which are replete with bell-shaped caps, and the cross in stone is always in view. The cornices are filled with statues of saints and leaders of the church. Its architecture is a mixture of Gothic and Doric, and twenty most massive fluted columns of stone support the roof, which under the dome are shaped into a Latin cross.

This great cathedral has fourteen chapels or shrines, one-half in each aisle, all of which are dedicated to some particular

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saint, and exquisite pictures, enclosed in the richest gilt, portray the lives of notable saints.

I went to the cathedral about ten o'clock on Sunday morning and found religious ceremonies progressing with a multitudinous assembly in the great auditorium in the front part of the building. There were no chairs or other seats in this apartment, and all worshipped in a kneeling position. Passing along the richly decorated aisle to the northern auditorium another large assembly of worshippers was presented. Some were sitting on the very rude and evidently very ancient benches, while others were on their knees. This seemed to be the centre of ceremony, as a number of priests were officiating at what is known as the high altar. The northern end of the cathedral has the richest and most exquisitely finished altar to be found in any

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country outside of Rome. Every part of both the long aisles is decorated with the highest types of art of the age in which they were produced, and would be an interesting study for days to any one specially interested in the art of five centuries ago in both architecture and painting.

Standing near the centre of this great church, it is appalling in its colossal magnificence, and while everything in and about the cathedral shows unmistakable marks of age, all have been preserved with scrupulous care and kept as a perpetual record of the grandeur that was interwoven with Christianity in the dark days of four centuries ago.

I was much surprised to find but few of the better class of Mexicans. At the doors I saw no carriages around the cathedral, and in the vast assemblage, and among the many who were on their knees

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at every step from one end to the other of these long aisles, I rarely saw any one whose appearance indicated the average intelligence of the better class of Mexicans. At the doors of entry, both inside and outside, Mexican beggars were plying their vocation without interruption, and it soon became evident that this grand cathedral, that should naturally be the pride of all the members of its faith, is the place of worship of the poor. I saw hundreds of ragged Indians among the worshippers, and the rule among them all was obvious poverty and ignorance.

The music, of course, was superb, befitting its exceptionally rich surroundings, but this great temple of religious culture and embellishment is shunned by the better class of Mexicans.

After spending an hour in the cathedral I asked my guide where the better class of

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Mexicans worshipped, and learned from him that the cathedral was the altar of the multitude, while a much better class worshipped at San Felipe. We repaired to that church, of only moderate size, but elegant in architecture and decoration, as are all the churches in Mexico, and there found an assembly of quite cultivated and intelligent people. I did not notice among them, however, the class of Mexicans I desired to see at worship, and upon inquiry I learned that most of the Spanish and Mexican grandees have their own altars at their homes, where a priest comes at stated intervals to minister to them.

After devoting Sunday morning to religious services, the next illustration of Mexican tastes, habits, and enjoyments was given at the bull-fight, which is held every Sunday afternoon, beginning promptly at 3.30 o'clock. I went early to escape the

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blinding dust of the Mexican suburban streets, and finally brought up before an immense pavilion, capable of seating fifteen thousand people, with double rows of private boxes, which are almost invariably filled, and largely by American visitors. As far as I could see from both sides of my box, they were occupied entirely by Americans, while the Mexican people, *en masse*, as it would seem, crowded the seats, which run down close to the ring. A judge was in one of the upper boxes, where he had full view of all the conflicts in the ring, and communicated with a bugler, who issued the orders at every stage of the proceedings. Although the day was beautiful, the attendance was disappointing to the Mexicans, as there were only about ten thousand people present. That was explained by the absence of any great star toreador, all of them being Mexicans,

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while the attractive stars of the profession come from Spain.

The immense audience was an interesting study. It was not in any material degree composed of those we would describe as the toughs or roughs of our Eastern cities. The lower grade of Mexican is, as a rule, too poor to enjoy a bull-fight, and the vast audience plainly exhibited the combination of the average and better class of Mexicans. It is quite the thing for the best people of the city and the highest officials to be present at the bull-fight. President Diaz has honored it with his presence, although not a frequent attendant, and the most cultured families of Mexico regard it as entirely becoming to witness this lingering relic of Spanish brutality.

Precisely at half-past three o'clock, a door opened on the northern side of the

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ring and the alguazil entered, mounted on a splendid horse, both man and horse wearing the gaudiest trappings. He was welcomed with hearty shouts, and bowed gratefully to the vast audience on every side. After properly saluting the people, he rode to the front of the box of the judge, or president, and formally asked permission to kill the bulls. This was promptly granted, and the keys of the toril, or pen, in which the bulls were confined, were tossed to him. This is his only part in the performance, and he is cheered or hissed as he happens to catch, or fails to catch, the keys which are thrown to him from the upper box. The gate then opened again, and the brilliantly equipped company of toreadors and their various attendants was announced by the band giving out its highest notes. Altogether there were probably twenty of them,

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all richly caparisoned. They marched across the ring, amid thunders of applause from the audience, and made their bow to the president before the fight began.

The men immediately concerned in the fight are,—first, the matadors, who are the stars of the company, and attract here just as great stars attract in dramatic circles in other countries. They are not permitted to take any part in the combat until the bugle announces that the bull shall be killed. A single matador then comes forward with a sword, and he is aided in distracting the attention of the bull by the banderilleros, who are second only to the matador in the profession. Next in rank come the picadors, who are on horseback, with long and sharp-pointed lances. They are mounted on old and generally worthless horses, fit only to be killed, and most of the horses suffer death. In addition to the

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artistes of the battle there are four richly decorated mules, whose office is to drag out the dead bulls and horses. They are attended by men with shovels and brooms to clear up the ring, and with boxes containing sand, with which they cover the blood that is shed in the arena after each fight.

The toreador is always dressed in the richest costume, and only that which belongs distinctly to his profession, exhibiting silk, satin, and velvet, with golden decorations. The most distinguishing mark of the toreador is the small cue of plaited hair, which is regarded as an evidence of merit, as it is ruthlessly cut off with scissors of gold when he fails to meet all the requirements of his profession.

A blast of the bugle announces that a bull is about to be admitted to the ring, and one trained to the business at the side

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of the door and above the reach of the bull plunges a sharp barbed dart, gayly decorated with ribbons, into the neck of the animal. This is intended to anger him at the start and make him enter the ring ready for battle.

The first bull plunged into the ring in a most ferocious manner. His weight was probably about one thousand pounds, and he exhibited the most complete symmetry of form, with every evidence of strength. These bulls are grown in the mountains of Mexico in as wild a state as possible consistent with keeping them under control, and are not subjected to any of the domesticating influences of the other cattle on the ranch. They are trained solely for the purpose of fighting, and for each Sunday's battle eight or ten of them are brought to the city, and it is not uncommon that bulls which seem to be among

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the most ferocious at home play the coward when they enter the ring.

The first bull was ready for battle from the start. He was at first completely bewildered by the strange spectacle, and whirled around the centre of the ring with great rapidity, evidently undecided where he would begin the fight.

The bull is first engaged by the most skilful manipulation of the capes, which are lined with red, and at which he will make a fierce dash. A very singular feature of the bull-fight is that in no case does the bull rush at the man, but always at the cape. It is therefore comparatively easy for the man flying the cape to escape the dashes of the bull. His only danger is that after the bull has passed the cape he may turn and get the fighter at a disadvantage. But they are all very expert, and if in danger from the second attack

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they fly to the edge of the ring, where a fence of some five feet in height separates a wide passage between the audience and the ring.

The first bull dashed at the fighter's cape, and after he had passed it, turned upon the fighter, who escaped by jumping the inner fence into the passage. But the bull leaped the fence after him, which compelled the fighter to seek safety by mounting the outer fence. In a little while the bull ran around the passage to the entrance into the ring and resumed the battle. Soon after the combat began, the picadors, who were mounted on blindfolded horses, rode up to the bull and challenged him to battle. This challenge was promptly accepted by the bull. During the fight he suffered a spear-thrust from one of the riders, but he tumbled horse and rider over in a heap and vaulted over them.

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The rider escaped, but the horse was fatally wounded. Another horse took his place, and the two picadors offered battle to the bull at every stage; and this was done with the full knowledge that the bull had every opportunity to kill the horse, with a likelihood of injury to the rider. During the entire performance eight horses were killed and dragged from the ring, and one of the riders was seriously injured.

The bull was by this time mad enough to fight all creation. He had suffered no injury beyond the irritating dart that had been plunged into him when he entered the ring and the spearing he had received from the mounted picadors. The bugler then sounded the order for the banderilleros to enter the conflict. They were without capes or means of defence. Each held in his hands a number of banderillas,—a sharp barbed dart, decorated with fancy-

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colored ribbons. It is their mission to watch an opportunity while the capadores are distracting the attention of the bull to plunge these darts into the neck of the bull near the shoulder. It is really the most perilous of all the duties of the bull-fighter, and some of them made very narrow escapes. If one succeeds in placing two of his darts in the bull's shoulders he is cheered vociferously by the audience, but it is not common for that measure of success to be attained. It often requires repeated efforts to hurl them at all, as they must be near the bull, and just when the opportunity is presented the safety of the fighter often requires him to make a swift retreat. The first bull was a difficult customer to deal with, and only one of the banderilleros succeeded in landing two of his darts in the neck of the animal, but all were required to make the effort and plant

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at least one dart in the flesh of the bull. These darts enter for two or three inches, and are held in position by their barbed attachment. They are nearly two feet long, and the bull was driven to frenzy, as he whirled around in the combat, by these long, barbed instruments swinging wildly over his neck, inflicting intolerable pain.

When the work of the banderilleros was finished, the bugle sounded again, and the matador was summoned to finish the fight with his sword. He was received with shouts of applause, to which he responded by bowing and walking around the ring, ending in paying his respects to some distinguished visitor, to whom he proposed to dedicate his achievement. He had in his left hand the muleta, or red rag of the Spanish bull-fight, which is used only in the final combat. In his right hand he

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held a perfectly straight, sharp-pointed, and keen-edged sword, and he must kill the bull, when the opportunity is presented, by a single stroke of the sword, by driving it into the bull's shoulder to sever the spinal cord, or by directly piercing the heart. This thrust cannot be made unless the bull is in a charging attitude, as he then lowers his head and exposes his shoulders to the matador.

At this point of the fight the bull was much exhausted, thus somewhat lessening the danger of the final act of the drama. But the bull was game, and was kept busy by the capadores until he could be gotten into position for the final thrust. He made charge after charge at the capes, but finally was brought into position, when the matador, then at a distance of six or eight feet from the bull, ran up to him, made his thrust, and escaped before the bull could

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charge him. The audience applauded tumultuously, because he had done his brutal work in an artistic manner. The bull immediately began to totter on his feet, and in a little time fell to his knees. He was game, however, even in the agony of death, and rose to his feet again and made several desperate lunges at his foes, but he dropped again, and, although he struggled desperately to rise, finally turned upon his side. His heart had not been pierced, and death was not likely to come for some time, so the "stroke of mercy," as it is called, was given by the cachetero with a short dagger, who made a quick thrust between the horns that convulsed the bull for a moment, and he was dead.

The mules then came to their work of dragging him out of the ring, and immediately thereafter a line of battle was formed for the second bull. When he

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entered the ring he was not only of a more nervous temperament than the one who had just given his life for the amusement of the people, but he had very long and sharp horns, and all the fighters approached him with great caution. He was quicker in movement than any of the other bulls which entered the ring during the fight, and whenever he made a dash he cleared that side of the ring of all the fighters. No two bulls, I am told, fight exactly alike. Some will make short dashes and others long dashes. The skirmish-line of the battle is a study on the part of the fighters to ascertain the exact fighting methods of the bull. On several occasions the fighters in front of him narrowly escaped, but even with this nervous and quick action of the bull he had the tactical defect that is common to all bulls in the ring-fight: he did not charge to a finish. When the bull

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endangers the one who is immediately engaged with him, the capadores rush in and divert him, as the bull is always ready to turn from a man to fight a red cape. He was game for more than half the battle, but as his strength weakened his aggressive qualities failed him, and in the last part of his fight he exhibited none of the courageous features of his predecessor. There was little or no variation in this conflict from what I have detailed in the first. He was killed by another matador, at a single thrust of the sword, and dropped almost instantly when struck.

The third bull was then turned into the ring, and looked to be the most formidable of all, as he was certainly two hundred or three hundred pounds heavier than either of the two which had preceded him, and when he rushed into the ring, having received the irritating dart just as he entered,

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he looked like a very formidable and vicious foe, but when the fighters closed in on him he became utterly cowed and showed no fighting qualities whatever. The mounted picador rode right up with the nose of the horse against the bull and struck him with the spear, but he refused to charge, and his bugle sounded the order for retiring the bull. He saved his life by refusing battle.

The fight thus continued until eight bulls were killed, but after the first one there was really not a fight that could be dignified by the expression. The bulls would make a few charges, but soon appreciated the hopelessness of the conflict and practically gave it up, much to the annoyance of the bull-fighters and to the utter disgust of the audience. They howled themselves hoarse in Spanish that I could not understand at the failure of the

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bulls to give battle, evidently believing that better bulls should have been furnished.

The audience was always on the side of the heroic, whether it was the fighter or the bull. One matador, who had not a fierce bull to contend with, made three thrusts at the bull before he seriously wounded him, his sword only partially penetrating the animal, and being soon thrown out by his violent motions. This awkward work of the matador aroused the indignation of the audience to the highest pitch, and instead of applauding him they howled and jeered at him. It was his business, however, to complete the work, and with the fourth effort he thrust the sword to the hilt, but penetrated the lungs instead of the heart, as was evidenced from the immediate and profuse bleeding of the bull at the nose and mouth. The bull at once tottered and soon fell, but he died with the

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hisses instead of the cheers of the audience for the matador.

Such was the second feature of the Sunday life in the capital of Mexico, and the large assembly was composed mainly of the people who had been at their altars but a few hours before. The bull-ring is now opposed by a considerable class of the better element of Mexico, but it is so strongly entrenched in the admiration of the Mexican people that there seems to be no prospect of its early abolition. It was attempted a few years ago, but the overwhelming sentiment against the destruction of the bull-ring compelled the national authorities to abandon the idea.

As the bull-fight was exhibited in the early days of chivalry, considering the civilization of that time, I can understand why it was enjoyed by the people. It was a barbarous age, and bull-fights were inter-

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esting only as they were made barbarous, not only in the death of the bulls, but in the death or crippling of the bull-fighters. But the bull-fight of to-day in Mexico is only a grotesque comedy of the chivalry and heroism which inaugurated it centuries ago. It is simply cheap and often cowardly brutality, but it will remain as an institution in Mexico until a better education prevails among her people, and of that I see little prospect.

I saw this fight because I wanted to see the Mexican people as they are in the enjoyment of their chief amusement, but I cannot conceive of any circumstances or conditions which could induce me to witness a repetition of it.

The bull-fight of the afternoon is apparently the logical sequel to the morning service at the altar, and the Monte Carlo of Mexico is the closing amusement. About

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four miles from the heart of the city is a most beautiful establishment, known as Tivoli Cartagena. It is in a green and heartsome plain, just below the beautiful castle of Chapultepec. It is a most elaborate establishment, with a beautiful grove in the centre decorated with flowers, and with everything to entice the visitor, even if not inclined to try the roulette and monte tables.

Elegant concerts are common in the evening until ten o'clock, and the Mexican Sunday always ends with an immense throng of people who visit this establishment to enjoy its beauty and fragrance or to try the chances of the game. There are two large main gambling-rooms on the first and second floors, with tables covering their entire length excepting the room required for the players. Here are men and women of almost every age, trying their

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luck at the gaming-tables, and among them an obvious mingling of the demi-monde. Both rooms were crowded, and hundreds of players were at the table, women taking their places, regardless of acquaintance, and devoting themselves intently to the game. The tables were covered with great stacks of Mexican dollars, all new and fresh from the mint, but the large stakes are paid in Mexican paper.

The extent of the game may be understood from the fact that the authorities of the City of Mexico receive from the proprietor twenty-eight thousand dollars a month for the exclusive privilege of maintaining gaming establishments in the city. The owner is immensely rich, and his profession does not give him the social and political ostracism that he incurs in our better civilization.

Every Sunday until long after midnight

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at times the crowd goes out to this magnificent gambling-house. The cars are constantly crowded with people going to try their luck or enjoying the evening, and other crowds returning, a few rejoicing at their good fortune, the many bewailing their ill-luck, and with a large proportion of them dead broke. The regular trolley cars run to the city until eleven o'clock, but special cars are held there to convey home those who may linger with the game until after railroad schedule hours.

In these three great institutions of the City of Mexico you see the Mexican people as they are. Most of them are devotedly religious in their way, and in a very bad way. They are scrupulous in the observance of the ceremonies of their religion, but the bowing worshipper at the altar in the morning may pick your pocket under the very shadow of his altar, and he

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will be most enthusiastic at the bull-fight in the afternoon, and round out his observance of Sunday at the gaming-table. Such is the story in brief of a Sunday in the capital of Mexico.

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CHAPULTEPEC AND GUADALUPE

City of Mexico, February 5, 1901.

Of all the many picturesque scenes immediately about this city which invite the tourist, Chapultepec is in every way the grandest. It is not only grand in natural beauty, but it is richest in historic and legendary lore of any of the many beautiful and memorable places around the capital.

It stands like a great, irregular, and somewhat oval pyramid, about two miles from the city, with the rich and fresh Valley of Mexico completely encircling it. It starts on the level plain on the west with a gentle elevation, and gradually increases in height until it reaches its northern extremity, where it terminates abruptly in an

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CHAPULTEPEC—HALL OF THE MONTEZUMAS

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almost impassable cliff, presenting a rugged rocky face to welcome the approaching visitor. On its summit the historical palace of the Montezumas begins at the very edge of the front cliff and extends westward probably a distance of one hundred and fifty feet, where it adjoins the military school of Mexico, corresponding with our West Point, and in which there are now nearly three hundred cadets.

The hill is ascended by an excellent road, forming almost a complete circle to reach the official palace, that can be entered by a foreigner only on a card issued by his ambassador. Our American ambassador, General Clayton, and his son, Lieutenant Clayton, who is military attaché to the legation, were very generous in their courtesy, and promptly furnished the party with the necessary credentials.

The great causeway from the city to

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Chapultepec—the Paseo de la Reforma—is the fashionable drive of Mexico. It is about two hundred feet in width, but the main causeway is narrowed by double rows of trees extending along its entire length, presenting perpetual verdure. It has always been one of the chief causeways of the city, even before the Spanish conquest, and leads to what is commonly called the Hall of the Montezumas, which has been the palace of emperors, kings, viceroys, and presidents for nearly six hundred years; but it was not until poor Carlotta came to grace the palace of Chapultepec that this great causeway was made one of the most delightful highways in any city. It was by her determined efforts that it was made not only a beautiful causeway, but the centre of the embellishment of the capital.

Starting from a circle at a central point

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in the city, in which is an equestrian statue of Charles IV., thence all along the broad highway are statues of men who have made records in the history of Mexico. This feature of embellishment is not yet complete, but for two-thirds of the way there are beautiful statues every few hundred feet on either side, and they represent every phase of Mexican history. Prominent among these statues are the more distinguished Aztecs, presented in their Indian plumes and trappings, and heroes and statesmen are intermingled to tell the story of the progress of civilization in the land of the Aztecs.

This great causeway comes up squarely in front of the cliffs of Chapultepec, and thence passes around on either side, and every evening, especially on Sunday evening, it is crowded with equipages and equestrians, from the descendants of the

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old Spanish and Mexican grandees down to the cheapest Mexican who can mount a broncho.

Arriving at the base of the cliff, the ascent is easy by a long road that winds around to reach the summit. You first come in contact with the Mexican cadets and their officers. They are an unusually bright and active lot of young men, almost wholly Mexicans, or of the mingled race of Spanish and Indian. Only here and there among them did I notice a full-blooded Indian. On reaching the gate that opens into the palace grounds the visitor is divested of cameras and everything that might tempt to desecration, and an official guide takes charge of the party.

On the northern front of the cliff, where the palace is entered, there is the most beautiful view I have ever seen in

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any of the many mountain valleys I have traversed. A few miles away the City of Mexico nestles in the plain that was a vast lake in the days of the Aztecs, and its unbroken lines of white houses loom up in beautiful contrast with the green fields about. To the left and close by is what is known as the battle-field of Molino del Rey, the scene of the last struggle between the army of Scott and the Mexicans, as it resulted in the successful assault upon Chapultepec.

Still farther off to the left stands the historic church known as Guadalupe Hidalgo, with its little village clustering about it, and immediately in front to the north we have a magnificent view of Popocatapetl and its larger of girth but more rudely fashioned twin sister, Iztaccihuatl, with their eternal caps of snow.

Visitors are permitted to pass through

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all the various rooms of the palace, and it is a most interesting and instructive entertainment. All the apartments present the appearance of regal grandeur, and some of the richest decorations in fresco were made under the immediate direction of Carlotta. It is the only place outside of the museum where you may find relics of the lost empire of Maximilian. In almost every room you can see some vestige of the new and imperial embellishments to tell the story of his sad reign. They contain not only his monogram, but the imperial crown. In one of the anterooms are two chairs which belonged to Cortez, but these are all that can be found as relics of the ancient ruler.

President Diaz makes his home in this palace during three months of the summer season, and his family rooms are a grand suite, including reception-room, boudoir,

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chamber, dining-room, smoking-room, and card-room, all beautifully furnished and embellished in elegant taste.

On entering the second story a most beautiful scene is presented. The first story of the palace is built around the summit of the cliff, leaving the summit to remain and extend up to the level with the second story, where it has been converted into a delightful flower garden that is as fragrant as it is charming. On one of the stairways the entire wall and ceiling are decorated with coats-of-arms of all the varied rulers of Mexico. The frescoing and painting of the walls are in high style of art, presenting the richest and grandest embellishment that can be found anywhere in the City of Mexico. Every room and every passage-way in this great palace gives some new attraction, and I know of no more interesting place to study the

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civilization of Mexico than in this grand structure, that dates back to the first of the Montezumas and was the home of the last of the Aztec rulers.

On the summit of the building is the national observatory, from which is obtained a most sublime view of the Valley of Mexico. Surrounding the cliff of Chapultepec on every side there are magnificent trees and shrubs and flowers, and in the park close by there are gigantic cypresses which antedate even the days of Montezuma. Among them is one immense tree fully twelve feet in diameter, and giving evident signs of decay, where, as tradition tells the story, both Montezuma and Cortez wept over their defeats. On the rocks which fringe the surface of the cliffs are hieroglyphics which have never been deciphered by our archæologists, and on the plains below are the fragments of the old aque-

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ducts constructed by the Spanish viceroys to supply the city with water.

Since the castle of Chapultepec has been the home of Mexican rulers it has witnessed many bloody and barbarous conflicts. It was there that Montezuma first heard the guns of Cortez, who startled the Aztecs by his mounted soldiers, at first presumed by the Aztecs to be demi-gods, and the horse and rider one creature, as horses were until then unknown among them. The first sound of cannon that ever shocked the Aztec nerve was when Cortez approached the city, and finally entered it, after the capture of Montezuma, on what is now the great causeway leading from the city to Guadalupe Hidalgo. The Aztec city at that day was erected on piles or mounds to lift the houses above the water, and one of the first acts of Cortez was to destroy the temples, altars, and homes of

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the Aztecs, filling up the waterways with them.

From this grand eminence the ruler of Mexico heard the first hoarse thunders of General Scott's guns, as they moved from Churubusco to Molino del Rey, from which base Scott bombarded Chapultepec, killing fourteen cadets,—as there were only cadets there to defend it,—and the fallen boy Mexican warriors of that conflict are buried in a common grave at the base of the cliff, with a beautiful monument erected over them.

A quarter of a century later President Juarez, the great Indian ruler of Mexico, was compelled to flee from his palace and capital because of the decisive victories won by the French troops who were the forerunners of Maximilian. After the brief story of the luckless empire had been recorded in deeply crimsoned chapters in the

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annals of Mexico, Juarez was welcomed back to his palace, and since then Chapultepec has been the summer home of the Presidents of the republic.

There are in Mexico a great many buildings of historic interest, but there is not one, I believe, that equals Chapultepec. The original palace of Montezuma has almost, if not entirely, disappeared under the stride of improvement in enlarging and beautifying this home of the Mexican rulers, but there will always cluster about it the most sacred memories of every civilization that Mexico has ever known, with the single exception of the Toltecs'. They ruled here before the Aztecs became masters of the country, and are the earliest people of whom any history has been preserved, and that most imperfectly. But not only here, but in many places throughout Mexico, there are positive evidences of the

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varied standards of civilization of the rugged and heroic race conquered by Cortez.

Leaving Chapultepec, the tourist naturally turns to Guadalupe, which is accepted by the Mexicans as the holiest shrine of the nation, and which is replete with the most romantic legends. My visit to this interesting place this morning was on a double holiday—a civil holiday as the anniversary of the adoption of the Mexican constitution, and a religious holiday in memory of St. Felipe. Mexicans have many holidays, and hugely enjoy them. Guadalupe is some seven or eight miles distant from the centre of the city, and is reached by the old causeway, once studded with waterways, by which Cortez entered the city with Montezuma as prisoner. It is not now a fashionable highway, and there is little on its line to interest a

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traveller. Immediately southeast of it is what was once a much more important causeway, but now occupied by a railroad, on which there are twelve shrines at stated distances between the city and Guadalupe. These shrines are beautifully constructed, although now crumbling under the wastage of centuries. Their purpose was to give the wayfarer an opportunity in passing by to worship at the shrine of his favorite saint.

When the town of Guadalupe was reached there were many evidences of activity among the people. Being a religious as well as a civil holiday, the church had an unusual assemblage of worshippers. Before entering the main church the crowd is attracted to the little but beautiful chapel that covers the "Holy Well," and the faithful all believe the legend that this spring, which bubbles

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up in an immense volume of clear, cold water, had its origin from the personal appearance of the Virgin. The water is regarded as sacred by all. The well is just inside the door of the chapel and is passed by those who enter for service. It was densely crowded by all classes and conditions of Mexicans, obtaining the holy water in bottles, pitchers, and jugs, all of whom approach the well with the utmost reverence and with uncovered heads.

Entering the chapel, the visitor sees a beautifully decorated altar. It is small, but every part of it is most exquisitely embellished, evidently without regard to cost. There was no service in the chapel when I visited it, and I hastened to the main church, which is a most imposing structure. Its erection was begun in 1574, and it was finally dedicated in 1629. Around this large and beautifully constructed church,

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by the universal faith of its worshippers, and generally throughout the entire republic, the most sublime legends cluster. It was built, as they believe and teach, because the Virgin appeared in person nearly five centuries ago, and demanded that a temple in her honor should be reared at this place. It is the only place on the continent where the personal appearance of the Virgin is claimed; and it is distinctly asserted by the inscription on the slab in front of the altar as follows: "This is the true spot where was found the Most Holy Virgin beneath a maguey, by the Chief Don Juan Aguila, in the year 1540, where she said to him at the time of her appearance to him, that he should search for her."

With such mingled romance and sanctity attaching to a church, among a people who are thoroughly devoted to the ceremonies

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of their worship, it is not surprising that the church of Guadalupe Hidalgo has been made one of the richest shrines of the world. The entire massive balustrade around the altar and on both sides of the double stairway reaching from the floor to the altar is of solid silver, requiring twenty-six tons of the precious metal to construct it.

In one of the many revolutions in Mexico, when the church party was defeated, the solid silver railings and balustrades and lamps were taken from the church by confiscation, but they were soon replaced, and to-day the church of Guadalupe Hidalgo has a vastly greater amount of solid silver furnishings than any temple in the Western World. It is an immense structure and most interesting to the student at every step. Its walls are decorated by magnificent paintings, most

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of them bearing more or less directly on the personal appearance of the Virgin at that place, and between these paintings are tablets in varied styles of elegance, which tell some story of the progress of the church and of its special sanctity as the holiest of all the shrines.

I went to enter the church just at noonday, when the hour of twelve was tolled, and the great bells of the towers rang out their loudest peals. As the bells began their music loud reports of cannon were heard, doubtless in celebration of the adoption of the constitution of the republic, while the bells were commemorating the natal day of St. Felipe.

I never witnessed such abject devotion as is exhibited by most of the many worshippers. Poor, ragged, shoeless men, women, and children were mingled with men and women of evident position and

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culture, and there were at all times a number of women crawling on their knees from the door of the church up to the altar with holy candles in their hands. As soon as a worshipper entered, he or she would pass to some particular seat in the church, then kneel down, after crossing the face and breast, according to the usual form of worship, and would long remain in the attitude of prayer. I noticed some who kneeled for more than half an hour and others who would kneel when entering, rise soon thereafter, and later would kneel again, as if returning to the most sacred devotion. I remained an hour to witness this interesting ceremony, and to view the beautiful spectacle presented by this most richly ornamented and palatial place of worship, and in all that time, although there was a priest with an attendant at the altar, he did not utter a word to the audience.

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THE GUADALUPE CATHEDRAL

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This great church is at the base of a steep cliff, nearly half the height of Chapultepec, and on its summit is another chapel, around which is one of the most noted cemeteries of the nation, where the dust of Santa Anna and many other Mexican leaders reposes. The country immediately about the village of Guadalupe is green and fresh, and it seems to have an unusually prosperous community. The place is also memorable because it was here that the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was made in 1848, that concluded the war between the United States and Mexico, and gave us all our important Western possessions, reaching from east of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific. It is regarded as the holy of holies by the Mexican people, who, as a rule, are of the religious faith that bows at the altar of Guadalupe, which was created by the personal command of the Virgin.

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I left the place strangely impressed with the universal religious fervor of the more ignorant and poverty-stricken people of Mexico. They are all religious as they understand it. High and low, rich and poor, good and bad, all are apparently equally devoted to the observance of the ceremonies of the church; and not only the sincerely and consistently religious, of whom there are many, thus exhibit their devotion, but the murderer, the burglar, the sneak-thief, the courtesan, the gambler, and every other phase of the criminal classes are scrupulously religious in observing the ceremonies of their faith.

The church rules here on an entirely different basis from what it does in the more intelligent countries of the world, and every condition and class are taught that, however abandoned may be the lives of the Mexicans, they must be religionists.

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Gradually this condition will change, and religion will be, as in more intelligent countries, something beyond the mere form that here brings the sincere worshippers and the criminal in deed and purpose to the same altar. But while ignorance shall prevail to the extent that it now does in this republic, the power of the church will be largely through the religious superstition of the worshippers, and bad as the religion seems, it is the best they are capable of accepting.

Beyond the class that comes with means to develop, and intelligence that knows how and where to develop, there is nothing in Mexico to invite the foreigner. The financial and industrial policy of Mexico is entirely different from that of the United States and the leading countries of the world. The Mexican government maintains a silver basis confessedly and avow-

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edly because Mexican wealth of every kind is produced on a silver basis and sold on a gold basis. The reason given on every hand for maintaining the silver policy is that it maintains cheap labor, while the products of Mexico command gold prices. In other words, the financial and industrial policy of Mexico is to benefit the few at the cost of the laborer who gives wealth to his employer.

There are many pleasant things in a visit to Mexico. You know exactly how to dress under the changing conditions of temperature. You know that you will not need an overcoat from nine o'clock in the morning until five in the evening, and that you will be certain to need one at any other time of the twenty-four hours. You know that you will not need an umbrella, for rain is one of the impossible things at this season of the year; but in driving or

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walking about the city in the middle of the day or early afternoon, a sun-shade or a covered carriage is quite necessary. You can count on bright moonlight, when the moon is at all in evidence, and upon sunlight throughout the entire day, excepting as it may be tempered by the mists of the morning.

Visitors from the North should be careful about their clothing, and not lay aside their winter garments because of the scorching midday sun, and those who are fond of a good square meal should have their own cook and car with them. It is, as I have said, a very interesting and instructive country for the student, but those who come merely for the purpose of pleasure would do well not to come at all.

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THE MUSEUM, PAWNSHOP, AND THIEVES' MARKET

CITY OF MEXICO, February 15, 1901.

THE Mexican capital is distinguished from all other cities in the Western World by its multitude of churches and statues. You cannot visit any important part of the city without observing statues of heroes, statesmen, and saints, and generally of most artistic execution.

One of the most conspicuous of the statues is that of Charles IV. of Spain. It has had rather a stormy career, as in the revolutionary periods of Mexico public sentiment surged strongly against everything Spanish, and it was at times in danger of utter destruction, but it was finally, by general consent, given the place of honor

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at the beginning of the great causeway leading to Chapultepec, which is largely embellished with statues on both sides.

Another of the grand statues of the city is that of Columbus, the summit of the pedestal of which is adorned with figures of a number of monks who gave him aid. The next grand statue on the causeway is that of Cuauhtemoc, nephew of Montezuma II., who strove to maintain the kingdom of the Aztecs after the fall of his uncle until he was captured by Cortez. The statue does justice to his heroic qualities. He died under torture for refusing to give information of the hidden wealth of the Aztec capital, that had been destroyed when Cortez re-entered Mexico and established his mastery.

It would be impossible to give details of the many very beautiful statues which adorn the city and which represent every

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phase of Aztec, Spanish, and Mexican life, and every historic race of the country that has been so often convulsed by bloody conflicts.

One statue that appeals to the warmest affections of the Mexican people is that on the tomb of Juarez, the Indian President, who was deposed by Maximilian and who, in turn, executed the Austrian invader. It stands in the cemetery of San Fernando, connected with one of the old churches bearing that name. Over the grave of the dust of the President is reared a most beautiful Grecian temple, supported by exquisite marble columns, and on the tomb is a recumbent statue of Juarez, claimed to be one of the most finished illustrations of sculpture in the world, with his head supported by a female figure representing Mexican liberty, as Columbia represents freedom in the United States. This little

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temple and the tomb within it are entirely covered with living or artificial flowers, which are changed with formal ceremonies on every anniversary of his birth. Fresh flowers daily grace his grave, placed there by the affectionate and grateful Mexican people, and the varied beauties of the structure, excepting the statue, are always entirely hidden by the beautiful interwoven immortelles and other floral tributes.

Mexico is distinguished not only by the grandeur of its statues and monuments, but by a national library containing two hundred thousand volumes, embracing many vellum and parchment books, where the student of history could revel for months; and the government has its library in every department, including its Museum, Academy of Fine Arts, and Schools of Engineering and of Law, and to these may be added a free library of many thousand

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volumes, that is open every day in the year except feast days.

There is also a National School of Fine Arts, embracing many pictures of exceptional value, but the National Museum is the place where the interest of the intelligent visitor mostly centres. There we have substantially all that is preserved of the history of the Indian people who wrote their heroic records in the early and bloody history of Mexico. Several large rooms are devoted to these works, which have been presented to the Museum, as required by law, from every State of the republic, but the most interesting of all have been recently found in this city. No archæological search had been made for them, but in later improvements made in the city they were discovered in the digging of foundations and opening of sewers. It is from these recent discoveries, all made

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within the present century, and most of them within the last two-score years, that we have the best records of the Aztec civilization in the City of Mexico.

Cortez, as I have previously stated, destroyed the homes and temples of the conquered Indians, and the monks, who closely followed him, studiously sought to efface every vestige of Aztec history. They were regarded as Pagans,—their temples as blasphemous,—and instead of preserving the history of the race, as could have been done, it is only here and there that statues, monoliths, and picture-writings have been preserved. The entire inner walls of a large room of the Museum are covered with specimens of what was evidently the highest art of preservation known to the Aztecs. They consist of beautiful pictures on fine canvas woven from the maguey plant, and the colors seem as fresh to-day as if painted

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within the present generation. These pictures tell the story of Indian progress, of methods of war, of worship, of sacrifice, and of everything pertaining to their advancement.

Among the most curious of the relics is an old map of the Aztec capital, Tenochtitlan, on the ruins of which this city was founded, that shows the main causeways of the former city, which have not been disturbed, and exhibits a very high degree of art. The one room devoted to the statues and monoliths of the Aztecs is a study of intense interest. There is the sacrificial stone of the Aztec temple, of such huge proportions that it escaped destruction mainly because its destruction was next to impossible.

This stone, with the other relics pertaining to it, gives the bloody side of Aztec civilization. It is in circular form, about

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ten feet in diameter and between four and five feet in depth, and its rim is illustrated with figures, showing the Aztec chiefs dragging their victims to sacrifice. In the centre is a basin to receive the blood of the victims, with a channel carrying it to the edge of the stone. Close by it is a large stone basin, into which the hearts of those sacrificed were thrown, and there are a number of heavy stone yokes by which the head of the captive was held securely. On this stone scores of thousands of lives have been sacrificed. The sacrifice consisted of the most horrible butchery by penetrating the side of the victim with a stone knife and cutting out the heart, after which the body was given to the multitude, as is claimed, to gratify their cannibal appetites. This is one of the few relics of the Museum that were accidentally found more than a century ago when

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making an excavation for some purpose near the cathedral, where the Aztec temple had been reared.

The calendar stone gives unmistakable evidence of the computation of time by the Aztecs, and if all its varied and exquisitely carved hieroglyphics could be interpreted, it would tell a most interesting story of the methods of the ancients in determining the passing of the seasons. It is one of the largest of the Aztec relics, and was also resurrected from its Aztec tomb near the cathedral.

There are numerous idols of the Aztecs, some of the most hideous and others of the most fantastic conception and construction. One of the peculiarities of the Aztec art is the dominant presence of the serpent. The head or form of the serpent is found almost everywhere. Some of the most beautifully finished works of stone present per-

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fectly coiled snakes, and one of them distinctly preserves the early theory concerning the rattlesnake, as it has fourteen formed rattles on its tail.

That they were a sincerely religious people is shown by every monument that remains of their work. Their bloody butcheries on the sacrificial stone were inspired by their religious faith. It was there that they offered their sacrifices to the sun and the other gods they worshipped, and they imitated the sacrifices recorded in the Old Testament, only offering human lives instead of the lives of animals.

Those who may assume that this sacrificial stone and its terribly sanguinary history fully warranted the conquest of Mexico by the civilization of Spain, need only go a few squares from these relics of barbarism to see the imposing home of the

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Inquisition that came with Spanish mastery and was reared as one of the attributes of the Christian faith. Here the Inquisition wrote its most bloody and brutal records. The little park on which the building fronts is finely decorated by a beautiful statue of the Indian woman who brought to Priest Hidalgo—the father of Mexican independence—notice that he had been detected and would be murdered, causing him to ring his bell for mass in his church at Dolores and lead his worshippers from their prayers to battle for freedom. He was the first martyr to the freedom of Mexico, as he was defeated and promptly executed. There is now no statue in the republic that calls out more patriotic devotion than that of Hidalgo.

Between the sacrificial stone of the Aztecs, with its bloody record of murder in the name of religion, and the equally

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murderous record of the Inquisition, reared and maintained under what should have been a vastly better civilization, I am inclined to give the greater extenuation to the Aztecs, as their sacrifices were not wholly voluntary.

Among the interesting exhibitions in the Museum may be found grouped together the magnificent carriage of the Empress Carlotta, with the state carriage of the Emperor and the state carriage of President Juarez. The carriage of the Empress looks as bright and fresh to-day as when the queen of beauty and personal beneficence swept along the grand causeway to Chapultepec. Its entire surface is heavily gilded with pure gold, as are the wheels and every other part of it, and its elaborate finishings around the top are of heavily mounted silver. It is quite double the size of the ordinary carriage, and is cer-

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tainly the most richly decorated and costly equipage on the continent. The state carriage of Maximilian is of exquisite manufacture, but of much more quiet elegance, and beside it the state carriage of Juarez stands in its severe simplicity, to teach the difference between the government of an emperor and the government of the people.

The history of poor Carlotta, as she is always called, even in Mexico, presents one of the most pathetic individual histories of any country. Here remains the grand palace of Mexican rulers, including her husband, with many of its adornments of her own conception, and here is her equipage of surpassing grandeur to tell the story of the fall from the throne of an empire to the starless midnight of an insane asylum for a period of more than a generation.

One of the most unique and interesting

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institutions of Mexico is the national pawn-shop, situated opposite the great cathedral and near the Grand Plaza. It is the one establishment in Mexico where you can deal with the absolute assurance that you will not be cheated. It was instituted by the government more than two centuries ago. While the individual pawn-shops of the city are among the most extortionate of like establishments in any country, the national pawn-shop is conducted solely in the interests of the people. Persons in need of money can there pawn any article and receive for it one-third to one-half its commercial value. It is carefully appraised, and is held for redemption for a period of eight months on the payment of a moderate interest. If not redeemed at the time specified, it is again appraised at from twenty to thirty per cent. below its intrinsic value and the price marked

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on it. There is no deviation from the appraised value in the sale, but articles which remain unsold for a certain period are again appraised at a lower price, and this is continued until a sale is effected. It is an immense establishment, presenting an almost infinite variety of the best quality of pawned goods, all of which may be bought at a much lower price than their commercial value, and many of them as low as fifty per cent. Those in charge of the establishment have no interest whatever in deceiving or cheating the purchaser, and considering the tricks of trade in Mexico, where you are generally expected to believe nothing from anybody in a business way, the national pawn-shop stands out like a clean deuce in a dirty deck.

Of course, the patrons of this establishment are chiefly persons who have articles

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of considerable value to pawn, as the pawn-shops of the average Mexican are of the lowest order, and goods pawned by that class are not expected to be redeemed.

From the national pawn-shop it is but a little distance to the very lowest round of the ladder in the trade of the criminal classes. The thieves' market, a little more than a square from the national pawn-shop and quite as close to the Grand Plaza, presents the criminal classes in all the squalor of their poverty and degradation. Like all other institutions, from the bull-ring and the gambling-house to the brothel, the thieves' market is legalized, and the uniformed official inspector may be seen at every turn of this narrow and sinuous combination of the basest strata of commerce. There are hundreds of persons employed in the sale of the endless variety of cheap things which are gathered for commerce,

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and they are all of the lowest type, from a rusty spike, broken iron and brass, to game roosters, often enlivening the horrible spectacle with their shrillest crows. It is the worst combination of dirt and squalor, alike in narrow passages, in articles for sale, and in men and women engaged as sellers, to be found in any business channel in the city. Here it answers the purposes of a "fence shop" in our Northern cities, and the goods offered are either bought at low rates from thieves who have stolen them or are job lots from the clearing sales of low pawn-shops.

In passing through the very narrow and constantly winding paths of the thieves' market, it is quite necessary to avoid even the touch of the persons engaged there, and to keep a very close eye upon your jewelry and money. The people operating there are not authorized by law to purchase

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stolen goods with impunity, but all know that they do it, and no inquiry is made. I saw there brass wheel-handles of Pullman car brakes corresponding precisely with those which had been stolen from our own car. Such an institution could not exist in Philadelphia, but Mexico could not get along without it.

There is very much to attract the interest of the intelligent tourist in Mexico. In addition to its grand scenery, its great temples, its beautiful and instructive monuments, its vast sources of study to those who are interested in the history of the human race, this country presents greater advantages for a particular class of Americans than any other in the world. I know of no place where a fortune could be so easily attained as in Mexico, but there are two absolute prerequisites: First, the man who seeks fortune in Mexico must have

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fortune to aid him in his work. It is no place for the mechanic or the working-man, or any other class of people who are without means, unless they are connected with organizations or business interests which promise advancement. Second, it is absolutely necessary that persons seeking fortune here should very thoroughly know just where and when to make investments. In no other country could there be greater likelihood of men seeking fortune being deceived and misled into bankrupty. The few who have had means and succeeded in investing them wisely are acquiring wealth with great rapidity, not only in the abandoned mines of the republic, but in possessing and handling the vast forests of most valuable timber and in developing the tropical portion of the country.

Ex-Governor Shepherd, of Washington, came here to repair his broken fortune with

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friends to aid him. He is buried in the mountains of Mexico, six days' drive over almost impassable roads to any railroad; but he had been successful. Mr. West, of journalistic distinction in Chicago some years ago, is here devoting his time to the development of an old mine in the mountains, that is reached from the railroad by ninety miles' travel over a single trail, that can be travelled only on horseback. His large machinery was carried to the mine piecemeal by Indians, but he now has fortune assured. I met also Dr. Cockrell, son of Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, who has been here nine years, and has achieved great success in the growth of sugar, rubber, coffee, corn, tobacco, etc., in the southern part of the republic. He has become thoroughly Mexicanized, and is realizing very large profits from all his crops.

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PRESIDENT DIAZ — THE MOUNTAINS AND THEIR UNTOLD STORY

City of Mexico, February 12, 1901.

I have remained in the Mexican capital several days beyond my original plans with the hope of meeting President Diaz. He has been away for more than a fortnight, and it was announced on his departure that he was not seriously ill, but that he needed rest, and he was confidently expected back to resume his official duties by the middle of last week. From reliable information received, I am apprehensive that President Diaz is dangerously ill, and that the Mexican press and all the officials connected with the government have been studiously suppressing the truth as to his condition. Announcements have been

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made in the papers telling how he enjoyed the hunt, when in point of fact I have every reason to believe that he has not been able to hunt at all, and that his absence from the capital is likely to be prolonged for some weeks.

In private and well-informed circles here there is very grave anxiety as to President Diaz's condition of health. While it is reasonably certain that his death would not result in revolutionary outbreaks, it is confessed on every hand that the present most gratifying conditions and prospects for the advancement of the material interests of Mexico would be very seriously blighted by the death of the President. Other men have made greater sacrifices for the interests of the Mexican people, as its history is replete with heroism in both church and state and in field and forum, but no one man has ever ruled

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over Mexico so long and so acceptably as Porfirio Diaz.

He first became President in the revolutionary period of 1876. He entered the City of Mexico at the head of the army and was proclaimed President, in which office he remained until 1880. He was not elected to succeed himself, but was again chosen in 1884, and he has been re-elected in each recurring Presidential year, having been unanimously chosen to his present term in 1900. Should he live out this term he will have a record of twenty years as President of Mexico.

He was one of the bravest and most skilful of all the Mexican generals, but he has proved to the people of Mexico that the victories of peace may be more renowned than those of war. He understands the Mexican people; he well appreciates their needs, and his administration has been

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steadily progressive in the line of the best civilization. Railroads now traverse almost every section of the republic, and with the single exception of the line between Mexico and Vera Cruz they have all been practically of his creation. He is a broad, self-poised, aggressive, and patriotic statesman, and he has hastened the advancement of his nation to an extent in which but few others, and probably no others, would have been sustained by the public.

For Mexico to lose President Diaz at this time would be not only a national but an international calamity, and it would be felt by the Mexican people generally as a profound bereavement. Many in other countries have assumed that he has been re-elected President from time to time because of his complete military, political, and business organizations; but, while it is true that President Diaz gives large sub-

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sidies from the public treasury to all the prominent newspapers of the country, and while he has an army whose soldiers police every railroad station and every section of the republic in which a revolution might be inspired, and while he is heartily supported by the great railroad and corporate interests of Mexico, it is none the less true that he has the hearty support of the public almost without exception, and his successive elections as President have not depended upon any other influences than the sincere and hearty trust and affection of the Mexican people.

I profoundly regret my inability to meet President Diaz, as I had hoped to learn much from him of the progress and growing prosperity of this country, that is so full of promise under his intelligent government, but I very much fear that his days of active usefulness are well-nigh

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numbered. I sincerely hope that I am mistaken; for in this, unlike most other nations of the world, there is not one man who could entirely fill the place of the Mexican ruler.

I took a journey to Orizaba, one hundred and fifty miles distant in the tropics, to view the interesting agricultural development of the plains of Apam, and of the beautiful plateau between Apam and the mountains at Esperanda. Going out of the capital, the Mexican Valley soon presents almost one unbroken field of the maguey plant. It must be the most profitable growth of the husbandman, or the fertile soil of the valley would not be so exclusively devoted to it. Here and there a green wheat-field would be seen, and a larger proportion devoted to corn, but the one crop of the Mexican Valley and Apam plains is the maguey, or pulque plant. It

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is cultivated with great care, and in many instances I saw it growing vigorously up to the very summit of the cliffs which dot the valley, some of them being so precipitous that it would be impossible to till the soil with teams.

The whole country, from the capital to where the descent of the mountains begins at Esperanda, is held in immense plantations, ranging from twenty thousand to one hundred thousand acres each. The haciendas, or plantation buildings, are seen here and there, often many miles apart, situated on some of the undulations which break the plain, and all of them present visible traces of barbaric grandeur. The home of the owner is generally constructed in lavish style, with its grounds walled in, as is common throughout the entire country, and with all conveniences for the comfort of the employers and every evidence of discomfort

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and disregard of the interests of the laborer.

Around the hacienda is usually found a number of small huts, most of them varying from eight to ten feet in width, and no greater in height. These are built of adobe or inferior lumber, and are the homes of the men who till the soil. They are chiefly Indians, who render very poor service and get much poorer pay. In several instances I saw forty persons working in a field, threshing wheat and stacking the straw or plowing or planting, and in no instance would one-quarter of the number be employed in the North to perform the same work.

The wages of farm laborers range from twenty-five cents to seventy-five cents per day, Mexican money, worth just one-half its face value in gold; but the soil is wonderfully rich, and even the poorest

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farming produces bountiful crops. The chasm between the old slave-owners and their slaves in our Southern States was not half so wide as the chasm between the owner of the soil in Mexico and the ignorant and impoverished labor employed.

It is this class that is next to an insuperable obstacle to liberal progress in Mexico. It is not the fault of the government, nor is it the fault of a very large element of intelligent and progressive people who are engaged here in all the channels of commerce, industry, and trade, but it is simply a problem that under present conditions absolutely defies solution. The conditions steadily grow better, but the growth must be slow, and thus will long continue a double misfortune to both classes.

There is nowhere on the continent a more beautiful, fruitful, and picturesque region than the country from the capital to

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RAILROAD ASCENDING ORIZABA MOUNTAINS

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Orizaba. The railroad starts seven thousand three hundred and forty-eight feet above the sea at Mexico, and these vast plains steadily rise from the capital city until the summit is reached at Saltepec, where the altitude of eight thousand two hundred and twenty-seven feet is attained. While traversing this attractive region, where you see seed-time and harvest almost continuously hand in hand, you are surrounded by the most interesting mountain scenery that can be found anywhere on the continent. Popocatapetl and Iztaccihuatl are constantly in view until the snowy pinnacle of the peak of Orizaba appears in the east, towering eighteen thousand two hundred and twenty-five feet above the sea, and wearing the highest crown of any mountain in North America. It is the grandest of the many great mountain-cliffs, most of which were once volcanic. It has

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been the finger-board for millions of people of the past, who left no history, and is to-day the first thing looked for by the mariner in the Gulf as he sails for Vera Cruz, one hundred miles distant.

At Esperanda the railroad begins the descent of the wonderful chain of mountains that spans the Gulf side of Mexico. It is the grandest feat of engineering I have ever seen, far surpassing anything in either the Rocky Mountains or the Sierras. It is thirty miles to Orizaba, which was founded by the Aztecs long before the Spanish were known in Mexico. Orizaba is surrounded by immense mountain-cliffs on every side, many of them only a very few miles distant, while the peak of Orizaba towers over all. A descent of nearly four thousand feet is made in the short journey between Esperanda and Orizaba, and most of it is made in two-thirds of the

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distance. The line of the road is presented on a little map, giving the schedule of the trains, and it is simply a continuation of the wildest and most picturesque curves ever fashioned by an engineer.

From the time the mountain descent begins, the road is almost wholly made up of tunnels, every one of which presents a sharp curve, and horseshoe bends, which follow each other at times in such quick succession that the line presents double and triple horseshoes, without one hundred feet of straight line intervening. Many portions of it present the most precipitous chasms close beside the road-bed, and when half-way down the steep decline, a beautiful Indian village is seen far below in a little valley, which seems to be cultivated to an unusual degree of perfection. Its fields are green, and even up the steep declivities of the hills wherever there

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is soil to invite the rude plows the usually bleak and inhospitable face of the mountains is relieved by fields which give promise of bountiful harvests.

Even the foot-hills at the base of the peak of Orizaba are relieved with green patches, apparently half-way up to the snow-line, and from the time the pretty Indian valley opens up its charming view all the way down to Orizaba there is a line of Indian farms on the fertile soil. At some places the cultivated valley widens out for two or three miles and again narrows to the width of an ordinary field, but it presents an unbroken picture of the most comfortable homes I have seen in rural Mexico.

This remarkable road was built by English capitalists, who came into possession, early in the '60s, of the eastern end of the line, which had been built out some fifteen

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miles from Vera Cruz by private capital, and later extended to the mountains by Marshal Bazaine when he occupied Mexico in 1862 and made Vera Cruz his base of supplies. It was completed and opened on the first day of January, 1873, and was the first railroad in the Mexican republic.

It is laid with heavy steel rails, on steel ties, and has steel telegraph poles along its entire line. The engines used are enormous in weight, and present two complete locomotives in one machine to insure safety for the train if one locomotive should become disabled. It is evidently managed with great care, but has never made liberal returns to its investors.

It traverses the same mountain passes through which Cortez led his little Spanish army nearly four centuries ago, and through which Scott led his army from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, and through which

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the French army marched to overthrow the republic and establish an empire for Maximilian.

In no other journey of one hundred and fifty miles can so much of fertility of soil and grandeur of scenery be presented as in the journey from the Mexican capital to Orizaba. There the climate is tropical, although the picturesque little city is nearly four thousand feet above the Gulf. It is one of the health-resorts of Mexico, and tourists from every climate are careful to embrace it in their itinerary. In the two days I spent there I met travellers from most of the principal cities of the States, and many from England and France.

Foreign capital has chosen Orizaba as the best place for investment in manufacturing, and within a few miles of the city there are four immense cotton-mills, one of which

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is the largest ever built at one time in the world. The mountain streams furnish magnificent water-power, and the cheap labor of Mexico enables these mills to compete successfully with like manufactories in every other section. The cotton comes entirely from Texas, and the products of the mills are exhausted in the home markets. They furnish every variety of cotton fabrics, including prints, and I assume that it is but the beginning of manufactories throughout the republic.

The country about Orizaba is rich in interesting studies for the tourist. Here are the finest coffee plantations, and all the fruits of the tropics abound. You are awakened in the morning by the loud, beautiful notes of the bugler, tempered by the softer tones of the nightingale and the varied songs of the mocking-bird. The evenings are cool, but the Northern tourist

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is glad to imitate the natives and take shelter from the heat of the day.

The surroundings of the city are strangely picturesque, as some of the cliffs extend their foot-hills even into the city limits, and looking in any direction there is nothing presented to the view but a circle of the most confused and rugged mountains.

I have now been for over two weeks traversing the mountains and valleys of our own country and of Mexico. At no time after leaving Denver—along the entire journey of nearly one thousand miles across the Rockies and Sierras to the plains of the Pacific slope, then down through California and our Territories to the Rio Grande, followed by a journey of nearly fifteen hundred miles in Mexico—can the tourist turn in any direction without seeing the majestic cliffs, often broken in wild confusion, varying in height from the spurs

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which descend into the valleys to the immense pyramids of rugged rock which are crowned in perpetual snow.

The observant traveller never tires of the varied views presented by these mountains, as even among those which raise their cliffs highest towards heaven are generally found the most beautiful and fruitful valleys. This vast mountain chain, which is almost unbroken from the colossal St. Elias in Alaska down through our own country and Mexico to the western coast of South America, presents not only the most imposing and impressive panorama of majestic grandeur, but it has sealed in its hidden archives, written there countless centuries ago, the history of the world and its peoples that we are just beginning to study.

Our scientists have made little progress, but they are mastering the alphabet of

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this great study, and the future scientists will here find boundless fields in which to unravel the unwritten history of ages and beings of which the world has little dreamed. It may be generations, it may be centuries, before they master the strange stories these mountains and their plains will tell. Enough has been learned to know that the prehistoric Western World is one vast sepulchre of creations and civilizations which are now among the unknown, and every chain of this vast net-work of mountains must sooner or later furnish its tribute to the now shadowed history of the past.

The few lessons we have gathered from the long-hidden stores are absolutely unerring. They tell of different ages, conditions, and climates as surely as the astronomer tells of the movements of the heavenly bodies in their orbits. We

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know that in the frozen North there was once a tropical climate, as the flowers and varied growths of the tropics are there preserved in petrifications whose testimony is indisputable.

We are only beginning to understand that on plains where these mountains now lift their corrugated crowns, the mastodon and colossal animated nature abounded, and now and then irresistible evidences are found of races of human giants of whom even tradition tells no story. To-day our most accomplished and cultured scientists can only guess the conditions before the violent throes of the earth cast up in convulsive confusion these thousands upon thousands of miles of mountains, which now would seem to have been co-existent with past eternity, and so mighty in their foundations and structure as to promise co-existence with future eternity.

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We are steadily, but necessarily very slowly, advancing in this almost endless study of the unrecorded history of the past; but the time must come, even though centuries may be required to consummate it, when the hidden records of these mountains and valleys will be mastered, and the now unintelligible hieroglyphics of the monoliths and ruins of unknown peoples will be brought within the range of human understanding.

It is the great lesson of the future, and profoundly as it has impressed me in crossing the mountains of my own country for nearly one thousand miles, and remembering the recent discoveries of colossal animals whose bones have been slumbering for countless ages, I have been even more impressed in this tropical climate by the unmastered lessons which are here on every side, in the ruins of civilizations which are

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without historic or even traditional record. Here are ruins of great cities, displaying wonderful advancement, with walls embellished with frescoing whose beautiful and enduring colors are among the lost arts even in this intelligent age, and here are pyramids which in conception and purpose rival the pyramids of Egypt's sandy plains.

We know of the Aztecs here as we know of the aborigines in the United States. There they were simply the dusky sons of the forest, without art or temple, although they at times reared the rudest altars. Here the Indian, as far back as history and plausible tradition go, was the equal in advancement in many of the arts of any of the peoples of their time. But long before them the evidences are undoubted of the existence of peoples whose art is exhibited only in their unmastered sculp-

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ture and hieroglyphics, and of whose civilization the world is to-day entirely ignorant.

Sometime these mountains, valleys, and ruins must have their secrets unlocked; their treasures, which have slept in hidden archives for untold centuries, must teach the more enlightened civilizations of the future in what large measure of darkness our present boasted age of advancement has been groping its way. They will tell their story some time, and then the world will understand its own history.

I turn homeward from this beautiful panorama of mountain and plain with sincere regret. The new lessons which are presented for study in every day of sight-seeing are of unvarying interest, and there are many invitations to the most delightful enjoyment.

I have devoted every evening to the

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beautiful drive from the centre of the Mexican capital to the grand cliff and palace of Chapultepec. It is delightfully shaded by the black ash, mingled at times with the sycamore, and towering over all is seen the faultless symmetry of the eucalyptus, growing with the precision of a line of battle, with the beautiful statues, telling of every age and people known in the history or traditions of Mexico, adding to the grandeur of the view. When I first reached Nature's rocky battlements which embellish the front of Chapultepec the setting sun had just passed behind the cliffs of the distant mountains, presenting a picture through the fleecy clouds that the brush of a Titian could not reproduce. Turning towards the east, a golden circle of the sun threw its halo around the eternal snow of Popocatepetl's crown, and away beyond it was the moon, with her horns

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rounded out to fulness, clad in silvered mellowness. It was a picture of sublimest beauty, as the sinking god of day and the queen of night proclaimed that another day had made its journey to the boundless eternity of the past.

THE END

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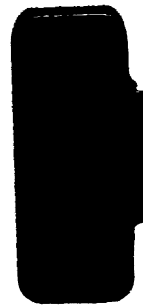

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